

COPY OF POST CARDS WRITTEN BY Rev. Hall to Mrs. Mills
AS APPEARED IN N. Y. AMERICAN OCT. 23rd, 1922.

"MY OWN DEAR, DEAR WONDERHEART--It is Tuesday morning (10 A.M.) & I am in Seal Harbor starting for a walk--all by myself--but you are with me. Oh darling it is SO very good to be alone with you. I love to be alone & I am as much as I can be--for then we are everything to each other. I will write more of my letter soon. Let Charlotte play the organ ALL SHE WANTS TO--I love to have her play & we may need her help some time so ask her to play often--& use the lights--just as long as you want to. I love to know that you are at the church--oh your wonderfully comforting letters--you DO write what I need--crave & I am NEVER disappointed when I go to the P. O. I get the sweet pens at the Jordan Pond House--I don't suppose people are supposed to pick them but I always take a deep red for my gypsy. I will get one to-day as I expect to end my walk up there.

"Dearest, send your last letter to me SATURDAY--at Seal H.--then I will get it Tuesday. Your Sunday letters do not come until Wednesday & I leave here Wed. A.M. Then I reach Boston Thursday morning & leave there Thursday night--reaching N. Y. Friday morning. Expect to reach N. B. about Friday noon & I will come to 49 early Friday afternoon & we can go for a walk Friday night--oh happy days to dream of. I will write steadily to you until I get back--dearest the whole heart's love of D. T. L. to his precious wonder heart."

Postcard messages from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken from the New York American of Oct.25,1922.

(The first quoted was written on two colored postcards, one showing two American eagles in their aerie on Mt.Desert Island,Maine; the other showing the St. Saviour's Episcopal Church, Bar Harbor, Me.)

"MY STILL - MORE - WONDERFUL - HEART! Your dear long letter of Monday just received. I understand every word-& agree-why they are the very thoughts & ideas & ideals I have ALWAYS had-Dearest-how ONE IN MIND we are-as well as in body & heart-I always said you had a good mind-no your tongue is NOT strong-It is just because you know I understand that you can be so free-will these hours of separation never pass? Darling, I don't live until next Friday. Ever. D.T.L."

(The next message was written on a colored postcard of the courtyard of the Public Library at Boston.)

"Your card received all right. Address is perfectly correct. Please write often. I will write again soon. Fog and rain here but prospects of clearing. Kind regards to the family. Am writing day by day. D.T.L."

(This message was written on a colored postcard showing a lone pine tree on the western slope of Acadia Mountain near Somes Sound, Bar Harbor, Me.)

"This card is covered with writing. You can read it, I know."